



NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

ADVOCATE

JUNE 1907.

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY
BY N.H.S.

W.R.M.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Safest Companies

Best Contracts

Alfred J. Mercer, Insurance

Lowest Rates

Largest Experience

John L. Twigg

...Druggist...

PUBLIC TELEPHONE STATION

COOKSON BROS.,

...Electrical Contractors...

ALL BRANCHES OF REPAIR AND CONSTRUCTION

15 School St., Boston

Tel. Main 4672-3

Needham, Chestnut St. Tel. 71-4 Needham

ZIRNGIEBEL'S CONSERVATORIES

*CUT FLOWERS and
FUNERAL DESIGNS
A SPECIALTY*

DENYS ZIRNGIEBEL, Jr.

South Street, Needham

...JOHN FALLON...

Monuments

HURD'S CORNER, NEEDHAM, MASS.

P. O. Address,

Newton Upper Falls

COMPLIMENTS OF

GEO. E. WYE CO.

KNIT GOODS

Compliments of....

A. W. Palmer,

Natick Clothier and Hatter

J. W. Crowell

H. C. Savage

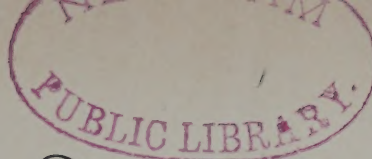
HIGHLAND MILLS

✿ Hay, Grain, Straw ✿

Newton Highlands

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

373.7737



THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

Vol. XVII

NEEDHAM, MASS., JUNE 1907

Price 15 Cents

The High School Advocate

EDWIN SAWYER, '07
ELEANOR BURNHAM, '08
WESLEY BROWN, '08
DONALD WHEELER, '09
RUTH WALKER, '10

Business Manager,
ALFRED PRIESTLEY, '07

Assistants,
JAMES MALONEY, '07
WORTH BROWNVILLE, '09

PRESENTED BY

Needham High
School

Date

EDITORIALS



ONE of the pleasant features of this school year has been the fact that we have had with us four of our last year's teachers, Mr. Loker, Miss Thomas, Miss Smith, and Miss Jones. We were glad to welcome Miss Gillpatrick as successor to Miss Pickett in classes of science. A victim to the fever prevalent at the time, Miss Jones was forced to leave us in October, carrying with her our heart-felt sympathy. Miss Lebert of Somerville took her place temporarily, and

although our relations with her were very pleasant, we greatly enjoyed Miss Jones's return and the continuation of our work under her supervision.

THE thanks of the school are due Miss Greene for her kindness in letting her field to us for athletic purposes. We wish to thank Mr. Hafford for the interest he took in the coaching of

the football team. Our principal's mode of discipline in regard to the behavior of the team at outside games is worthy of much praise. The team has certainly had great provocation in some of these games, but Mr. Loker's earnest efforts for a good, clean game on the part of Needham have had their effect.

THIS year the social life of the High School has pleasantly increased.

Three parties have been given in the Assembly Hall, whereas two have been the total of any given there in the history of the school. These parties have been held on a simple scale, and as they have taken place on the evening before a holiday they have not interfered with school studies. They have caused a much closer feeling of friendship and interest between the classes and teachers, and we feel that they should be hereafter continued with greater frequency.

ON Friday evening, December the twenty-first, the Senior Class gave a party and dance in honor of the football boys, in the Assembly Hall. The hall was artistically decorated with the national colors, flags and streamers, while a football, suspended from crossed bands of blue and white bunting, was received with enthusiasm. In addition to the team, Principal and Mrs. Loker, the High School teachers, and Coach Hafford were entertained. Games, dancing, and refreshments were the features of the evening.

THE Senior Class very pleasantly entertained their teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Carter, as representatives of the School Committee, and their own friends, at a second Class Party held in the Assembly Hall, February the twenty-first. The decorations were chiefly of the school colors, red and white. Games and dancing were greatly enjoyed and light refreshments helped to make the party a success.

FRIDAY evening, May the tenth, the Juniors royally entertained the Seniors at a reception given in their honor, in the Assembly Hall. The decorations were very pretty. Dancing made the hours pass swiftly and in the intermission refreshments were served. The matrons were Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Horace Carter, and Mrs. Loker. The other guests were Mr. Carter, the High School teachers, and friends of the Junior Class.

THIS year Needham High School entered into a Prize Speaking Contest, held in Medfield, between the schools of Milford, Mansfield, Medway, Medfield, Franklin, Uxbridge, and Woonsocket. A trial for the selection of the two best declaimers was held in the Assembly Hall, March 28, the judges being the Rev. Charles E. Sawtelle and Mrs. Grinnel, of Needham, and the Rev. Norman Richardson, of Highlandville. The choice of the judges was Norman Houston and Miss Bessie Thorpe, while Arthur and Frances

Littlehale won second places. Many pupils of the school attended the preliminary contest in Medfield, and enthusiasm waxed high when Houston and Miss Thorpe were accorded winners, and were awarded prizes of five dollars each. Our candidates were loudly cheered by other schools, and altogether Needham High made a very good showing. At the final contest, although we did not carry away prizes, our school had not cause to be ashamed of its representatives, who did exceedingly well.

IT was with much satisfaction that we received the announcement that the certificates had been granted admitting graduates of Needham High School to

Worcester Polytechnic, Lehigh, Cornell, Amherst, Boston University, Bowdoin, Brown, Dartmouth, Mount Holyoke, Smith, Tufts, University of Maine, Wellesley, Wesleyan, and Williams.

WITH mingled pleasure and regret the Class of 1907 looks forward to their approaching graduation from our ever dear High School; with pleasure that they will receive the reward of honest labor, and with regret that they must leave forever associations dear to all. At home and afar memories of the high school days will come to them, and thoughts of the loving friendships made in these four short years will brighten many an hour of weary toil over college cares or business perplexities.

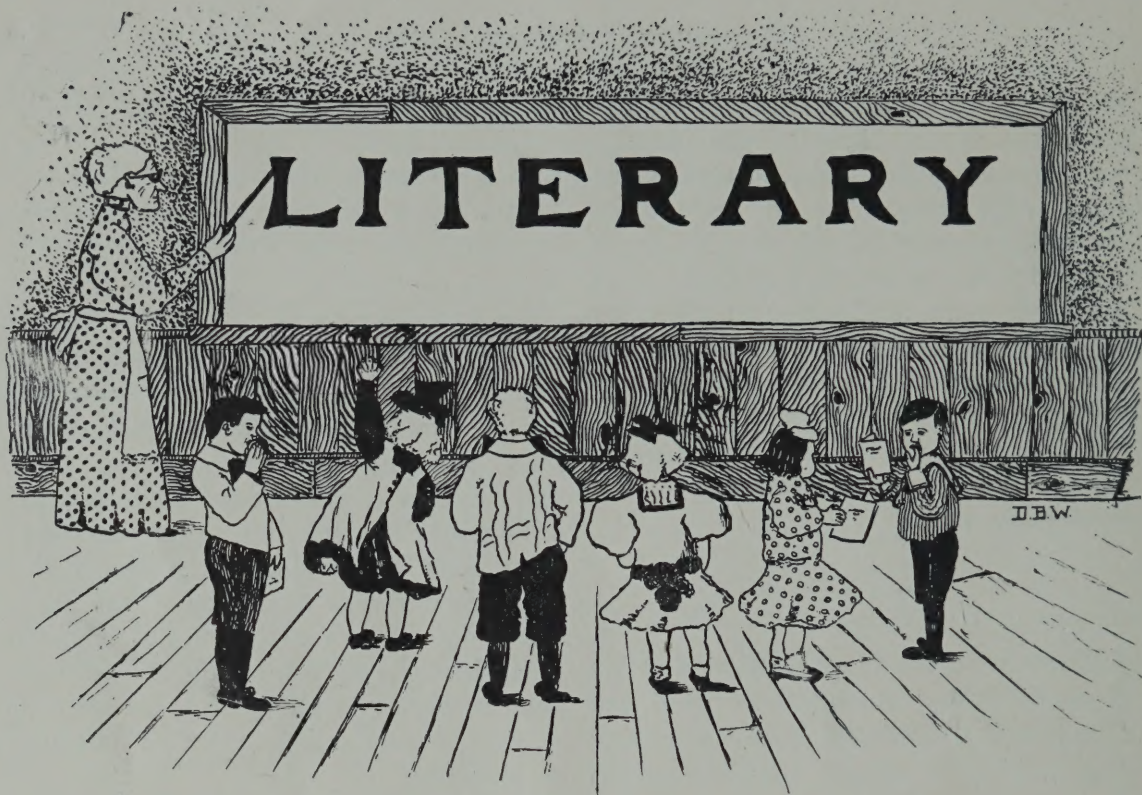
In Memoriam

GEORGE O'HARA

N. H. S. 1910

Born March 11, 1893

Died May 30, 1907



A NIGHT OF TERROR

(Awarded First Prize)

THE rosy mists which the sunset had left beneath the shadowy trees had long since turned to violet, while the red glory of the west was dying behind the whitening cottonwoods and beyond the dense, dark forest. The night was creeping from the woods to the waters as softly as the wild creatures crept to the river to drink before sleeping.

A boy, seated on a mossy log near the Ohio shore, was sending from his violin sad and tender strains that mingled with the sounds of nature at nightfall, echoing across the river, and dying away among the

shadows of the darkening forest. So sat Clifford Mansfield, the little dreamer, as he was called, one night in June, nearly a hundred years ago.

Long after he had ceased playing and the shadows had begun to lengthen, he still sat there, swayed by his wandering fancies, until a faint sound, like the plash of oars, caused him to turn his head with a nervous start. He saw something moving in the deeper darkness along the river. He strained his eyes, trying to make out what the moving object was. The wavering mists were thick. The fog suddenly

falling like a heavy curtain shut out everything, then lifting again gave him a glimpse of a body of canoes paddling rapidly on the edge of the river, as if seeking the shadow of the trees. He could see only the black outline of the swiftly moving shapes, but he knew that they must be part of the band of Shawnees who were filling the whole country with terror. He sat motionless, scarcely daring to breathe, watching the shadows, till he suddenly realized that the Indians were landing only a few yards down the shore with not so much as the warning rustle of a leaf nor a sound more alarming than the sigh of the wind. The boy strained his terrified gaze through the dark, but he could see nothing except those vague, black forms which were now silent and motionless as he himself.

In an instant Clifford had vanished without a sound among the thick bushes that fringed the shore. Five minutes later he emerged from the bushes some fifty yards away, and sped like a deer through the vast woods. At one point on the way Clifford was convinced that he heard a low whistle. He paused under the shadow of a big spruce to listen, but he could hear nothing except the faint sound of falling water in the distance. Would he never reach home? How far off it still seemed! The night was growing darker. Knowing that he had no time to waste, he dashed off again, and soon saw the glimmer of light in the window of a little house. As he came up the path, he saw his sister in the twilight of the porch watching for him.

"O Clifford!" she cried, darting toward him. "Dreaming again with your eyes wide open! Why did you stay so long when you knew that father and mother were away and that we were all alone? I

came out here on purpose to wake and scold you. Seriously, dear, you must stop dreaming."

Clifford said nothing, but just then the ruddy light streaming through the little window fell full upon his white face. There was something in his look which startled his sister and told her that this was no boyish whim or fancy.

"Oh! Oh! Clifford, dear, what has happened?" she cried, in deep distress.

In one breath he poured out the news.

"Oh!" she cried beginning to sob. "And mother and father are away, too, and we are all alone."

By this time the twin boys, who had accidentally heard Indians mentioned, came up to see what the trouble was, and John, the oldest of the family, though only a boy, came out through the open door. The startling news was once more told.

■ "Quick, quick, boys," cried John, "we must give them a warm reception if they come near."

In silence they entered the quiet house and soon were busy closing and barring the windows and doors. When the muskets had been loaded and all possible preparations had been made, the twins, with Rose and John, took their seats by the loopholes and peered into the night, alert and anxious, while Clifford sat on a rug before the hearth, where the fire had been smothered in order to make the room dark for the watch. The little group sat motionless, speaking only now and then in a suppressed whisper.

An hour passed by thus, then Rose cried in a smothered voice, "I hear a crackling noise down in the hollow!"

They listened, but there was not a sound. John tried to see against the sky any object that might be moving near.

"There is somebody approaching," whispered Rose, "I can see two or three forms."

"Who's there?" called John from the window. Again silence.

"What was that noise?" asked Rose.

"Only the wind. It is rising a little," replied John.

"There is something! Can't you see it?" she cried.

Again his words rang out sharply in the silence of the night, but there was no response. He was about to fire when Clifford, who had come over to the window, said with an amused smile, "It's nothing but a bough waving in the wind."

"What a strange, lonely night!" said John. "We don't know how near the Indians are. They may be far away in those woods, or they may be dangerously close, within a few rods."

For ten minutes dead silence reigned, and they waited and watched, while the belated moon wheeled slowly above the eastern ridge, where a few minutes before a mighty pine and hundreds of pointed spruce tops had been standing out in inky blackness against the gray and brightening background. The silver light stole swiftly down the evergreen tops, sending long, black shadows creeping before it, and fell glistening and shimmering across the Ohio River.

They gazed a long time, entranced by the scene, until the moving of a faint shadow under the trees attracted their attention, as it crept softly up and crouched on the edge of the darkness. And then the distant sound of many footsteps moving slowly came with a gust of wind from the direction of the river. They lived through long minutes of terror. Then out from among the dark trees there now

rushed into the misty moonlight a score or more of shadowy figures. Nearer and nearer these came rushing through the wavering mists, with scarcely a sound after the first warning brought by the wind.

"Quick, quick, boys! fire through your loop-holes!" cried John, and the next instant the three boys had emptied their muskets out into the night. The Indians, not expecting this kind of a reception, disappeared as if by magic among the trees. Then all was still.

"Load, boys, load!" cried John. "They will be back in a minute."

"Hark! can that be owls hooting or is it the Indians signalling?" exclaimed Clifford.

After some minutes of quiet watchfulness they heard a low, soft whistle passed along from one Indian to another, and the signal given; how different the scene became! With tomahawks and clubs the savages rushed toward the kitchen door, pounding furiously upon it.

"They are going to try and break the door in," cried John. "Boys, keep firing, while I go into the kitchen and fire through the loop-hole in the door."

"It sounds to me as if they had broken through!" Rose exclaimed.

In an instant John had reached the door. He caught a glimpse of moonlight through the opening as another storm of blows fell upon it. Then putting his gun to the hole he fired twice. He heard a groan and a heavy fall outside. Again the Indians disappeared and all was silence.

"Boys," cried Rose, "we have fired more than half of our powder now. Oh! what shall we do when it is all gone?"

"Don't be afraid, sister," said John, trying to conceal his anxiety. "It may be all we shall need."

"They are carrying the wounded Indians away," whispered the twins.

For half an hour the little group sat loading their guns and preparing for the next attack.

"Can you see them?" asked Rose.

"Yes, they are flitting about under the trees," whispered John.

"What do you suppose they will do next?" she asked.

"I don't know, but we will watch and see," he replied.

"They are making a fire under the trees," whispered Rose.

For ten minutes the Indians continued working about the fire. The children, watching, could not see what was taking place. They could do nothing but wait in agony. Then with terrific yells a dozen or more of the savages rushed up within twenty feet of the house and sent a shower of blazing arrows onto the roof.

"Oh!" cried Rose, with a smothered scream, "they are setting fire to the house!"

"Yes, that is what they are doing," replied John, voicing the unspoken dread in his heart. "Boys, I am going up on the roof to beat out the flames. You stay here and watch. If they try to come up near enough to fire at me, you give it to them. It is a fight for our lives now." Grabbing a mat to beat out the flames he made a dash for the roof.

"The Indians have spied him and are coming up to the house again!" exclaimed the twins as they fired their guns.

"They will kill him! They will kill him!" cried Rose, as the savages came nearer and nearer the house. "Clifford," she exclaimed bitterly, "why don't you do something! You are no better than a girl yourself. You must go up to the roof

after him! He may be wounded. He may need you to help him. Surely you could fight if you tried. I could myself! Run! Run!"

The boy looked up at her quiveringly. He paused a moment in troubled thought and then turned toward the door. But John had already returned and had overheard her conversation.

"Rose," he said sternly, "Clifford is not to blame because he cannot fight like the rest of us."

"John," cried the twins in anguish, "we have fired our last shot. What shall we do? Oh! what shall we do?" With a groan John covered his face with his hands, while Rose cried for help. Again and again her anguished appeal rang through the night. Then there followed terrific blows on the kitchen door. In the most despairing terror they had ever known they looked frantically in all directions for a single sign of hope. Then in a moment of stillness that followed they heard a soft, low voice say, "Follow me." It was Clifford, the little dreamer, who had spoken. As softly as possible, without a word, the little group followed him, as he led them to the roof of the house. Again he paused a moment, as if waiting for something. At last they heard a fearful clash in the darkness.

"They have broken into the house," whispered John.

"That is what I have been waiting for," said Clifford. "Now follow me."

Thick clouds had covered the moon. Clifford crawled out upon the roof and dropping on all fours, crept along until he came to the edge, where a large cottonwood tree bade fair to overwhelm the house itself. Then taking a little board he had brought with him he placed it from the

roof to a bough and silently one by one they crawled across it into the tree. Two minutes later the five children had wrapped themselves from head to foot in snow-white sheets.

Then from out of the dark tree proceeded a soft, low, wailing sound, as of a spirit mourning. Higher and louder grew the strain, more and more passionate the cry for release. It was Clifford with his violin pleading for their lives.

The savage yells ceased and a guttural exclamation of astonishment ran from brave to brave. Softly they crept from the house and followed the sound until they all had gathered beneath the tree. The music never ceased for a moment coming down clear, sweet, and tender from the air above. Then suddenly the moon broke the frail bars of its cloud-prison and cast its splendor over the blackness. Under this sudden burst of light the white ghosts were revealed in the tree.

"Spirits! Spirits! Spirits!" shrieked the terrified Indians, and with wild howls fled into the woods.

As the last strains of the anthem died away they heard a faint splashing in the

water and they knew that the Indians were paddling down the river with all possible speed. When the gray was relieved by the first faint flush of pink, the echo of a bugle came over the water and died away among the wooded hills along the shore.

"Hark!" exclaimed John, "I hear the sound of hoofs in the distance!"

Instantly the muffled sound broke into a clatter, and around the bend in the road came the parents, accompanied by General Wasson and his troops.

With exclamations of surprise and delight the children scrambled down from the tree and ran to meet them.

"We have come to protect you," cried the General, "as there is a party of Indians roaming around here."

Then the children told how they had fought and outwitted the Indians. When they had finished, the General said, "You need never be afraid, my children, the Indians will never molest a house again where they have once seen spirits." Then turning to the parents he said, "Your brave children have already played an heroic part in the making of Kentucky."

EVELYN P. LOCKE.



“BIG MOOSE”

(Awarded Second Prize)

OVER the mountains the storm raged furiously. Great trees bent and swayed before the fierce onslaught of the wind.

In the gulleys the snow lay ten feet deep; the ridges were bare. The flakes flew zig-zag and piled in great heaps beneath the sighing pines. The trail lay hidden by drifts and broken branches. The dead white of the forests shrouded the mountains and stinging coldness drove all beasts to shelter. Even the thick-coated grizzly shivered in his dark cave, and mutely wondered at such a sudden beginning of winter.

Up the steep mountain side toiled a great, shaggy creature. From time to time he stopped to rest, wearily tossing his branching antlers, and snorting with fatigue. Alone, in the great storm, the king of the herd, “Big Moose,” fought bravely with the blinding blizzard. The snow filled his great, brown eyes, ice clung to his massive jaws, and the drifts reached to his heaving sides. On Lone Mountain the trees grew thickly, with hardly a clearing. Often “Big Moose” had roved among them, and had listened to the hunters below in the ravine. To-night, even the hunter’s horn would have left him impassive. His patient eyes sought the distance and met nothing but snow.

Up on the ridge of Lone Mountain, Pierre La Soux had his cabin. Pierre and his little granddaughter lived alone the year round, sufficient one to the other. The wee Celeste adored her grandfather, and she, in turn, was Pierre’s idol. Every morning she went with him to the sheepshed and lovingly helped him tend them.

To-night Celeste stood at the window striving to see through the frosted pane.

“Grand-père,” she cried, “are the sheep closed in? The snow beats against the window and les petites will freeze.”

Pierre rose slowly from the fireplace.

“What would I do without thee, ma chère?” he said. “Indeed the sheep would surely freeze.”

He donned his great fur coat and lit his lantern.

“Watch by the window, Celeste,” he called, and tugged at the cabin door. A great gust shook the house, a whirl of snow blew in and the door slammed.

The force of the blizzard drove Pierre against the side of the shed. The snow suffocated him, and the drifts blinded him, as he staggered to the shed door. It stood half open, and Pierre stumbled inside. Over in one corner the sheep lay huddled together. The old man threw straw among them and fastened the swinging window. As he turned to kick the straw from the doorway, a great, wet form brushed past him, and amid the frightened bleating of the sheep, sank on the straw in the nearest corner.

Pierre swung the lantern around and uttered a loud cry of amaze. There lay “Big Moose,” known all over the mountains, wet, grievously fatigued, with his great, pleading eyes fastened on the old man’s face. All fear of man was gone in his tired misery, and the wistful longing of the magnificent creature lying at his mercy touched Pierre by its utter sadness. To think of that noble animal *begging* man for life and succor. The bleating of the sheep

had ceased as Pierre fastened the shed door, leaving "Big Moose" covered by a blanket, with wondering gratitude in his proud eyes. The gale still blew bitterly, but Pierre's face was full of smiles, as he told Celeste of their strange visitor, the outcast of the storm.

All winter long "Big Moose" shared the shed with the sheep, for the exhausting battle with the blizzard had resulted in sprained ankles, and the gentle treatment of Pierre and Celeste was grateful to the big creature who had never before put trust in man. He came to love the little Celeste, and as her baby hands patted his huge sides, his soft eyes watched her with almost human affection.

But when spring came, bringing warm days and driving the wild beasts from their lairs, the old irresistible longing for the forests came over "Big Moose." The trees swayed under light breezes, from the pines came the call of the robin, somewhere, down the mountain side, his herd wandered, and waited and watched for their old leader. For hours "Big Moose" would stand gazing into the forest with troubled eyes, looking down, now and then, at the little Celeste, who vaguely fathomed his yearning, and pressed her little hands against his knees as if to keep him back.

"'Tis but natural," Pierre said to her, "and 'twould be wrong to keep him back, Celeste. He would die without the free mountains and forests, and beasts of his own kind."

So Celeste brushed her tears away, and with smiling face, but with her breast heaving with sobs, watched "Big Moose" lope off through the pines, with the sunlight glistening on his brown sides. After he was gone Celeste grew lonely and restless. The mountain ridge was no longer

for her "the place most beautiful," the forests below held greater attractions, and Pierre's heart grew sad at the child's pleadings to follow "Big Moose."

"Have you no love left for grand-père?" he would ask sorrowfully. "Did 'Big Moose' take your heart away with him? Gladly would I leave the mountain top if 'twould give you pleasure, but there is danger on the mountain slopes, and if anything happened to Pierre, 'tis far to Jean La Croix's."

Then Celeste would throw her arms about his neck and say that she meant nothing, nothing in the world was dearer to her than "grand-père," and she wouldn't leave Lone Mountain ridge for anything. But the next day would find her gazing wistfully down the trail, and caressing the leather strap which "Big Moose" had worn on his injured ankle.

So the days passed by, until one autumn morning Pierre La Soux left Lone Mountain, with his yearly flock of the best sheep, for Jean La Croix's. Celeste was left alone at the cabin, protected from beasts — for man rarely visited the ridge — by the three great mastiffs and "grand-père's gun," which she could use with great skill.

The day was hot and sultry, and Celeste, after watching Pierre down the trail, crawled wearily into the shade of the pines. The dogs lay drowsily watching the forests. unusually quiet on account of the intense heat. The coolness of the trees called Celeste, and, softly rising, she wandered down the slope. The nearest mastiff stirred uneasily, but catching the flutter of the child's dress, drowsed again, for once unmindful of duty.

As for Celeste, forgetting Pierre's cautions, she wandered on and on. Through dark tangles of ferns she stepped fearlessly,

gathering handfuls of fragrant blossoms and chasing the fascinating butterflies. The breezes blew softly through the pines and darkness fell. The thrushes twittered sleepily, and the wailing cry of the whip-poorwill rang through the quiet forest as the little girl stopped to rest, wearied by her ramble. Then Celeste remembered Pierre's oft-repeated warning:—

"The beauty of the mountain slope is alluring, but beneath it lurks danger."

The deathly stillness of the night grew fearful, the forests lost their charms, and with beating heart the child ran back through the woods. The tangles of flowers and ferns grew bewildering, the brambles caught in her clothing. There was the great oak she had passed; there the violet bed, with the flowers all drooping; there, no, she had not passed a pond. But there *was* one, surrounded by white birches and gleaming in the moonlight.

Celeste turned away and pushed frantically through the trees. Ah! there was the path! Now she was safe! She flew along through the thickets with a glad heart, but, poor little Celeste! there again lay the pond. The little girl stood bewildered and frightened. And, as she sobbed despairingly, a heavy footfall sounded behind her, another, and then silence. She looked back. A great form stood outlined in the moonlight, proudly erect. A moment of uncertainty and Celeste's cry broke the stillness,—

"Big Moose, O my Big Moose!"

The great creature never stirred, and as the child stepped wonderingly forward, the cause of his motionless posture was explained. There in the path stood a long, grayish animal, with its tail furiously lashing the bushes and with its gleaming eyes fastened on her. She tried to move, to cry

out, but those awful, fascinating circles held her, bound her to the spot. It seemed hours that she stood there, with rigid limbs and sickening terror. And then, there was a crash, a great form sprang before her, a soft, quivering nose touched her forehead and unconsciousness fell on her, merciful unconsciousness, for the horror of the next hour would have killed her.

The forests echoed with the shrieks of the puma, as his cruel claws tore deeply into the great moose's flesh. Blood drenched the flowers, the grass, and even fell on the child by the water's edge. The great bulk of the moose and the strength of his antlers told on the other, but the puma's claws never loosened their pitiless hold, and it was not until "Big Moose" was all but exhausted that the animal fell back dead. The peaceful moonlight fell on the dying moose, and his painful sighs reached only the sobbing, bewildered child, whose trembling hands vainly tried to stanch the red heart blood pouring from his breast.

In the early morning, the mastiffs at last struck the scent and found their little charge. But Celeste lay stretched on the body of a huge moose, and their repentant caresses were unanswered. When Pierre La Soux reached the cabin that evening, and found one of the dogs anxiously awaiting him, he followed the animal into the forest, with his heart filled with dread. There, by the pond, stood the two dogs, with a great, black mass on the ground before them. Pierre's heart sank as he saw the little, white form lying across it.

"Celeste, Celeste," he cried in an agony of fear, "Oh! my petite, my little Celeste!"

He bent over the child, and kissed the quivering lips and the eyes swollen with weeping. Then, with a glance, he took

in the scene, the bloody "painter," stiff in death, the great moose, with his torn breast, the skulking dogs, and lastly with a throb of thanksgiving, the bewildered gaze of Celeste, as she struggled from the ground. Her hands reached blindly before her, as if in search of something. Suddenly she felt one of the moose's antlers. A great sob shook her.

"Grand-père," she murmured, "O mon grand-père, it was 'Big Moose,' he saved me, and — and — that thou wert here, he suffered so, and the blood —"

Pierre silently raised the child in his arms, the child with blood-drenched dress, with hands crimson and shaking, with pitiful, tearless sobs.

"I have told thee he was noble, worthy of the Maker's hands," he said brokenly. "Do not weep, ma chère, ma petite, for this was he created, for thee, and thee alone, to die, and he leaves behind him in thy dear little heart the pledge of his love and gratitude."

IDA BUCKLEY, '07.

HOW I ROAMED

(Awarded Third Prize)

THAT summer I was traveling through Europe with a party of friends. At the time, we were "doing" Rome, and of course visited the catacombs. Our guide took us through room after room of this gruesome place, but I lagged behind the rest of the party, stopping to examine closely something that the others had not noticed. In this way my gaze became attracted to a skull somewhat larger than the rest. As I looked it seemed as though the thing winked at me, but I thought I was mistaken. Three times the same thing happened. By that time I certainly wished the party weren't quite so far ahead, but I was determined to investigate, so I went up and touched the skull.

"Hands off," came in a deep sepulchral voice, "and allow the bones of a Roman senator, who has passed to his last resting-place, to repose in peace."

"Who are you, or rather who were you?" I said in a voice that I tried in vain to keep steady.

"Oh! as to that," replied the skull, "I am now the bones of a Roman senator; what I was you shall see."

At that moment I heard a noise behind me, and turned around to see a leg just stepping down from a place high up in the wall. The minute it struck the floor it began to dance around slowly and solemnly. Another leg followed it from an entirely different place, next came a rib, a spinal column, an arm, and other parts, until a complete but headless skeleton stood before me. Then my friend, the skull, gravely moved down and took its place.

The skeleton was still dancing, and now it spoke again as if repeating a charm.

Eeny, meeny, mony, my,
Heska, lany, bony, strye,
Wibblo, wobbla, woo!

came in measured accents. As it repeated the final word there was a crash.

"Well, how did you like your journey?"
I was in a Roman house of the ancient

style, and before me stood the man to whose bones I had been talking.

"Now you see what I was. Come with me and I will introduce you to my wife, for of course you must make us a little visit, now you are here."

I didn't see just how I could help myself, so accepted his invitation.

His wife was a nice Roman matron, and I soon got acquainted with her. For the rest of that day I remained indoors, resting from my journey, and getting settled in my new surroundings.

On the next day we went to a religious festival in honor of the Brazen Calf. As we approached the Forum, people seemed to be gathering from every direction, and I learned from Cornelia that there was to be a grand procession in which all who wished might join.

As we did not wish to, we hurried on until we reached a place near the centre of the Forum, where we would have a good view of all that passed. We had not waited long before we heard the shouts of the mob, and soon the procession came in sight.

First, heading the procession, came about a score of children dressed in white, each leading one of the Sacred Geese. Next came the musicians with their lyres, while the priests surrounded a golden chariot, in which reposed the original bottle of Roman punch. After this were several chariots, in which rode some of the most important men. They were surrounded by a guard of cavalymen. The foot-soldiers came last and the mob brought up the rear. The crowd halted as it reached the Forum, and the people stood restlessly about, waiting for the speaking to commence.

Several well-known orators addressed

the people, who showed great delight, shouting "Bravo! Bravo!" from time to time. They seemed especially pleased with Mark Antony, who spoke with great feeling on the murder of the Sacred Chickens and the misfortune attending it.

After the speeches the populace joined in games and sports. While Cornelia and I were watching the sports her husband came up and asked us to go with him, saying that he would find seats for us. He then turned to me and asked if I didn't think the Roman games (they happened to be having a gladiatorial contest at the time) far superior to any I had ever seen. On my replying in the negative, he seemed very much surprised and wished me to tell what could be better than Roman games. I mentioned several modern games, but he had never heard of any of them, so I told him what I knew about baseball. Much interested, he finally said that the Romans must try it. Then he spoke to another senator and asked him if he would like to try it. In a few minutes several of his friends had expressed a desire to play; so under my directions a small place was marked off for them and they started a game.

Cicero was chosen captain of one side and played catcher, a venerable senator with white hair and beard being pitcher. On the other side Julius Cæsar was captain. A shield was hastily tied around each catcher, his toga was fastened up with safety pins, which I provided, and a helmet was fastened on his head. The spoke of a chariot wheel and a gourd were made use of as bat and ball.

The Romans caught the idea very quickly. Out of regard for his age, Cicero was given the field in the first inning. His pitcher, Mark Antony, did extremely

well for a beginner, but Cicero did not do so well. When he saw the ball coming toward him he would reach for it, but if it fell he was helpless, for, of course, a brass shield would not bend. At last, however, he found that he could pick it up by getting down on his knees and leaning over sideways.

When it came Cæsar's turn at the bat, he walked up to the "home plate" with a majestic tread and picked up his spoke. Then he shouted to the pitcher, who was an intimate friend of his, "Come on, Tony, play ball, play ball. I'm onto your curves!" After several fruitless attempts, he struck the ball with tremendous force. It went high in the air and finally landed at the foot of a statue of Mars. Immediately the people began to shout, saying that this was a sure sign from the gods. So the augurs were called to tell what it meant, and explained it at great length. After this interruption the game continued until it was time for the people to return to their homes.

Cornelia and I rode home in the chariot with her husband, Senator Claudius Augustus Plunkett, and on the way home had a little race with Romulus and Remus, who happened to be next to us. Their chariot was drawn by an old gray wolf, so of course we won.

That night I persuaded my host and hostess to try some of my cooking, I had done some with Cornelia that morning, so we had baked beans and squash pie for supper. They liked the beans better than the pie, eating them very daintily one at a time.

The next day we visited the Senate to hear Socrates talk on "Women's Rights," a subject which was then an all-absorbing topic in the minds of the public. Socrates

had acquired fame in Greece by his speeches, he being very much interested in the subject.

That evening we attended a gathering at a friend's house. The feature of the evening was to be some violin music by the emperor Nero. He gave several selections, among them the tune that he had played while Rome was burning. This was one of the Roman classics, entitled "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

During the evening I got into a conversation with a man named Vergil, who was a poet. The talk naturally turned to poetry. I spoke of his "Æneid" and how much it was appreciated in modern times. He asked me who were the favorite poets of my age. I told him that, present company always excepted, I thought Longfellow, Shakespeare, Mother Goose, and Bill Nye were about as well known as any. Of course he then wished to hear some of their poetry. "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" was my favorite of Shakespeare's, so I repeated that for him. Then I recited "Humpty Dumpty," "Hey, Diddle, Diddle," "Golden Locks," "The Prisoner of Chillon," and by the time I had finished "Mary Had a Little Lamb" he was weeping. It is strange how poetry can so affect a man! He was very profuse in his praise of these gems, in fact he could hardly find words to express his extreme pleasure. He even compared them to his own poems, their concise terms and pleasing wording contrasting favorably with his flowery language.

Refreshments were not served until quite late in the evening. The guests were all ushered into a room with a large table in the centre and lighted by Roman candles. I did not know what to do, as I had become

separated from my friend, but I followed the example of my neighbors, for "in Rome you do as the Romans do." All around the table ran a sort of couch or bench, rather high from the floor. Rude imitations of sofa pillows were piled here and there, and you were supposed to climb up and take your place among the pillows. But how to get up was the question. Then I noticed that there were fancy cords draped about, and by stepping on these I easily climbed up. Everybody reclined at the table.

For refreshments we had milk and honey, besides all sorts of fruit, olives, and of course Roman punch. Then the wine was served. This was a signal for all sorts of gaiety. Toasts were proposed, short speeches made, and several vocal solos rendered. At last Julius Cæsar said he thought he ought to go home, as he had work to do in the morning. Immediately some of the company struck up a rollicking chorus of "We won't go Home until Morning." As Cæsar looked around the

room and saw how many of his friends had joined in this humiliating jest, his eye fell upon Brutus, one of his most intimate comrades. "You, too, Brutus?" he exclaimed with a reproachful glance. Brutus colored and looked ashamed, but merely answered flippantly, "Oh! I was only teasing you."

At length Cæsar became somewhat mollified and the revelry proceeded as before.

"O Senator Plunkett," I exclaimed, "I think you had better tell us that funny verse that you told me down in the catacombs."

The senator looked cross, but started,—
Eeny, meeny, mony, my,
Heska, lany, bony, strye,
Wibbla, wobbla, *wool!*

The verse certainly produced a great effect on the guests, for they vanished with a crash like that of the first time, and I glanced up to see the senator's legs just climbing up to their place on the wall.

HELENA ADELE HOWE, '10.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK

WE had lain at anchor in the little harbor of Porto Bello, on the west coast of Panama, for about a month, and the monotony of shipboard life was beginning to wear on our nerves. One day, in company with two of my shipmates, I obtained permission to go on a fishing trip, as there were a great many red snappers, a species of sea bass, in the harbor. After begging the cook for some time, we at last induced him, with the aid of a "hand" of tobacco, to give us about five pounds of raw beef, which we were to use for bait.

We lowered the dingey and got into it with all our fishing tackle. After stepping the mast and setting the sails, we stretched out in the sun, taking turns at the tiller, until we came to a spot some three miles from the ship, where the rocky bottom showed good prospects for a catch.

Suddenly, one of my shipmates, Breene by name, called to us in a low but excited voice, "Wow! What a bite!" and hauling in his line displayed to our expectant view a strong, hemp codline, cut as neatly as by a knife, about three feet from the place where the hook had been.

"Must 'ave been a whopper," said he, a perplexed look on his face.

"That's no snapper, you marine," said Weston, my other companion. "That's a shark, and a bloomin' big one, too! Say fellows, let's have some fun. Let's get a ride! Look! We can use this grapnel for a hook, and the chain will keep him from biting the thing off. Huh? What do you say?"

Then we all proceeded to do the most foolish thing that ever three crazy sailors did. We loaded the five-pointed grapnel with about three pounds of beef and tied it on so that the shark could not steal it and then dropped it from the bow, because, as Breene said, "It wouldn't look nice to see our motor boat cuttin' up at a forty-knot clip, stern first or broadside to." We sat down to watch developments, and to keep watch on each other to see, "who's scared."

My knees were rather shaky, and Weston cried, "Aw, look at the kid! He's paler'n a girl!" They all laughed as if it were funny, but I didn't see any joke, and replied;

"Go on, you're more scared than I am, only you don't want to show it. I don't believe there's any old shark there, anyhow!" but nevertheless I *did* believe it.

We waited some time for the shark to take the bait, but results indicated that he must have just lunched, so we resumed our fishing and almost forgot him. When we had fished for about an hour and caught a good string, we noticed at last that the boat was drifting rather rapidly toward the harbor entrance.

"Say, we'd better go back a little way, hadn't we? We're getting too far from the ship," I suggested.

"That's right," Breene said quickly, "get

out the oars, kid. Hey, Weston, pull in that grapnel!"

Weston started to obey orders, and then, for the first time, we noticed that the rope was taut. We looked each other in the face and turned pale. Weston, with a sickly smile, said weakly, "Oh, I guess it's caught on a rock," but I knew better.

I shall never forget that next moment so long as I live. Weston touched the chain gingerly, and began to draw it in. About ten feet came easily, and then, as the boat shot out, I landed on my head in the stern sheets. I sat up, however, in a moment, spat out the salt water which filled my mouth, and said a few things. So did Breene and Weston, but none of us dared raise his head above the gunwale, because of the great sheet of water flying about and over us. For a moment I was so frightened that I honestly believed we were going under. When our eyes became used to the foam, we saw where we were going.

"One good thing," said Weston, "we're headed for the ship."

"What on earth are we going to do?" I called to Breene.

"You may never do anything again on earth," he shouted, mockingly, "you aint on earth now, and you won't be unless you keep quiet. He'll get tired bimeby, if you let him alone."

"S'pose he starts for the harbor?" I asked.

"We'll start, too, you yap! Don't ask foolish questions." Then, as he saw that I was really frightened, he added, "Aw, don't get scared, kid, we'll come out all right."

"Y-y-yes, but p'raps we won't," I said doubtfully.

There were about five feet of steel cable

fastened in the bow of the boat, to which we had attached the rope with the grapnel and chain. This made it impossible for us to free ourselves from the great fish. For awhile the shark showed no intentions of slowing up, but as we approached the ship he went at a moderate speed. By now we had regained some of our lost courage, and Breene said,—

“Well, here’s a chance to make a reputation, fellows. He’s tired now, so let’s start the marines on board talking. Start him up, Weston, old man.”

The rail of the ship was lined with Jackies, who seemed to be watching our movements with great curiosity. I knew that Breene was only “showing off,” as he said, “to get a reputation,” and that if I wished to share in the glory I had better keep quiet. So, despite my inclination to yell, “Stop!” I was cowed into silence at the thought of what the bully would tell the fellows if I didn’t “show game.”

“Giddap,” yelled Weston, with a mighty tug at the rope, and the shark “*got!*” He leaped clear of the water, and we had our first look at him.

“Gee! he’s big some,” escaped from Weston’s lips.

We were all confidence now, and by continuous yanks at the chain we kept the shark going at a good rate. His black fin cut the top of the water with a sharp hiss, which was plainly heard even through the “clap-clap” of the boat.

“He’s about all in,” said Breene, and he

spoke truly, for after another quarter mile he was hardly moving at all. He swung out toward the right, but we got out oars and towed him. When we came within speaking distance of the ship, some one on the forecastle sang out,—

“Hey, want a rope?”

“Yes!” I cried, “throw us —”

“Shut up!” growled Breene, “we’ll get him ourselves!”

The shark was going very slowly now, and we were going to cut right across the bow.

“Quick, kid!” said Breene. “Throw the tiller hard astarboard, swing under the anchor chain, and I’ll take in the slack and make fast.”

I saw his scheme in a moment and did as he ordered, and in less time than it takes to tell, Mr. Shark became a temporary attachment to the anchor chain.

For several days afterward we were the most popular members of the crew, and despite the fact that we received a severe “raking from aft,” we considered that our adventure was well worth the price which we paid. But there were no more fishing parties in Porto Bello harbor, for the skipper knew that he was running chances of losing some of his men. So the other fellows had to catch their sharks from the bow of the ship, while *we* promenaded the decks and told about *our* shark; and Breene was awfully good,—he never said a word about how scared I was.

“COMMODORE HOUSTON,” ’09.



“JUST A KID”

THE bell of the telephone in the office of the Wakefield Daily Item rang sharply.

“’Phone, Mr. Powers,” called the boy who answered it.

Mr. Powers rose from his desk with a sigh, and muttering compliments for people who were always bothering him in his busiest hours, hurried to the ’phone.

The Daily Item was one of the two most popular papers which Wakefield tolerated. Its rival was the Times, and whenever a reporter on the latter’s staff was seen running, pad in hand, to some scene of disaster, an Item representative was hot on his trail.

“By gum!” cried the cranky editor, as he noisily replaced the receiver. “There! An enormous fire over at Stoneham and nobody to send. McIntire’s new department store, of nine stories, burning, and the warehouses of J. T. McGowan & Co. going too. Oh, if only Howard or Dick or any of the fellows were here! Five-ten’ll be down soon, and no one I can send.”

“I’ll go,” cried Tommy Burns, the office boy, with his face beaming with suppressed excitement. “Send me, Mr. Powers, I’m better than nobody.”

“You!” exclaimed the editor, turning sharply on the blushing Tommy, “you! What could you do? Your line’s strawberry festivals and birthday parties. What could you do in this thing?”

“I can do my best,” answered Tommy bravely. “My dad used to work in McIntire’s, and I know all the clerks. I’m sure I’d make something out of it, sir.”

“Well, I suppose you can, Tommy,” said Mr. Powers. “Here, take this pad and ‘git,’ or you’ll lose that five-ten.”

Tommy snatched the pad, and making a dive for his cap was out of the door in a twinkling.

The five-ten pulled up in front of Wakefield Center, and Tommy boarded the car along with others bound for the fire. Opposite him, a Times reporter, Pickett, by name, was seated. Glancing around he caught sight of Tommy.

“Hello!” he cried with a grin. “How long since the old man’s been sending out children reporters? This aint no afternoon tea, kid. Better run along home to mama!”

Several men laughed, but Tommy, with twinkling eyes, replied promptly,—

“We know that, Mr. Pickett, but Mr. Powers said that a boy could beat any man on the Times in reporting, so I came.”

There was a hearty roar at this, and Pickett, angry and mortified, left Tommy alone for the rest of the ride. When they reached the scene of the fire the sky was still lurid with the rising flames. Cinders and ashes filled the air, and the sidewalk was covered with the rescued merchandise. Tommy, pushing through the crowd, took the name of the company, the number of the block, and other small notes concerning the fire. For the next hour he was busy interviewing the different members of the firm. He next hurried to the warehouses, and when he had secured the owner’s estimation of the damage, ran for the station. He expected to see Pickett there also, but his heart fell as he caught sight of him clambering into an automobile and speeding quickly towards home.

The train was not yet due, and the tears sprang to Tommy’s eyes as he saw himself about to be beaten.

"Oh, if the train would only come," he cried.

He cast a hurried glance around, and espied an old nag busily gnawing at the hitching post. A small urchin stood beside the horse, evidently waiting for some one. Tommy ran over to him and offered him a dollar to take him to Wakefield by nine o'clock.

"I'm wid yer," lisped the youngster, eyeing the dollar eagerly. "I'll put yer there in less than an hour. Ole Kate used ter be a goer, bet your life! Der old man bought her at White's auction las' spring, fer thirty-five!"

Tommy's hopes vanished. If the old horse had been bought for "thirty-five," what could she do? He looked at old "Kate" doubtfully, he noticed her build, her long, slim legs, she surely could "go" once, he thought.

"I'll risk it," he said suddenly, "maybe she'll go some."

He jumped in, and soon was speeding out of Stoneham behind "old Katie." They soon were on the highway leading from Reading to Wakefield. Surely that horse was worth two hundred and thirty-five, not thirty-five! How she did let out! The trees and houses and electric-light poles seemed to fly by.

"Old Kate must have a streak of her former days," said Tommy.

On, on they went, the old horse was holding her own, all right!

"Yer see," said the youngster, "folks didn't know what was in ole Kate when she was auctioned. My ole man, he used ter be a rider, an' he knew horse flesh when he see it. The minute he saw Kate, he out with his mon' an' bought her. We fed her up, an' now see what she is."

"She can go, all right," said Tommy, "she's a hummer!"

They were now three miles from Wakefield, and Tommy, glancing up the road, saw an automobile apparently broken down. On approaching nearer, they saw Pickett on his knees beside the machine, while the owner was mending a chain.

"Aut-ter-know better," said the youngster laconically, "aut-ter-know better's gone ter smash."

Rage and defeat marked Pickett's face as "ole Kate" went by on the dead run. Tommy leaned far out, and as the carriage rattled by, his voice rose in mocking triumph:—

"Stung! O Pickett! Stung!"

It was just a quarter of nine when the boys pulled up in front of the office of the Item. Tommy rushed for the door, calling to the youngster to wait a minute and to hold "ole Kate" for the congratulations of the editor. As he ran up the stairs to the office he heard Mr. Powers say,—

"Confound that kid, it's time to lock up. First time the Times got ahead of me this year, too! But what can you expect from a kid? He ought to be home in bed by this time."

"No, I hadn't," cried Tommy, bursting in. "An' the Times aint ahead either. Here's the news, an' Pickett's back in Readville!"

"By the great horn spoon!" exclaimed the bewildered editor. "If it t'aint the kid!"

He grabbed Tommy's pad, and the morning Item was the only paper that held a graphic account of the Stoneham fire. The youngster had earned his dollar, and had earned it well. Tommy remained in the employ of Mr. Powers for many years, and whenever he is asked to tell a story of former experience, he tells of "Ole Kate."

FRANK J. BUCKLEY, '09.

THE SENIORS OF 1907

The class of nineteen hundred seven
Is the very brightest you know,
It's really every bit as bright
As a shining "bran new" hoe.

Now first we speak of Ida —
Why, she adores her books,
And Alf's the one that always gives
Those stunning sideway looks.

Lou Catheron is so quiet
You'd hardly know he's 'round;
But it isn't so with Sawyer,
He's always on the bound.

Maloney is our football "star,"
That's plain enough to see,
And Laura, though she tries real hard,
Can't learn her historie.

Pauline is always happy,
With the "smile that won't come off,"
While Adams is the opposite, —
At foolishness he'll scoff.

Burbank wears the class pins
On his pocket in a row,
And Mae Cobb at the typewriter
Isn't what you'd call "slow."

'Tis needless to say that Oscar B.
Endeavors to be the dude,
While Miriam T. is sensible
And oft' times very shrewd.

If you want a song, ask Bertha K.,
She sings just like a lark,
Art Littlehale's a sport for sure,
But he's awfully 'fraid of the dark.

Viola's sober and sedate,
A French scholar great, they say,
While Eastwood, with his little knife,
Whittles dull time away.

Al Wheeler is a "hustler"
In everything that's going,
And Frances, too, is wide awake
To know how the wind is blowing.

Now Seidenberg is "23,"
For that's his number, you know,
While Eva T. is quite content
When Anna is in tow.

Paul Franklin, of his future
Has many a dream in his pate,
Grace isn't worrying a bit,
Leaving her future to Fate.

Now Anna's the philosopher
And takes things as they come,
While Marshall B., to tell the truth,
Is always "on the hum."

Bert Wheeler is our artist
And the joker of the class,
While Charlotte is, as always,
A modest little lass.

MARION E. TILTON, '07.





CLASS 1907, NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL.

George L. Eastwood.	Pauline Coppinger.	Lewis J. Catheron.	Bertrand C. Wheeler.	James I. Maloney.	Eva O. I. Tyrer.	Oscar R. Seidenberg.
Frederick H. E. Adams.	Viola L. Merrifield.	Allan T. Wheeler.	Arthur W. Littlehale.	William B. Burbank.	Laura M. Paine.	Miriam J. Taylor.
Frances L. Littlehale.	Marshall Blackman.	Marion E. Tilton.	Paul J. Franklin.	Grace W. Thompson.	Edward H. Sawyer.	Oscar H. Berthold.
Anna M. Wagner.	Bertha A. Kennedy.		Alfred Priestley.	Ida G. Buckley.		F. May Cobb.
						Charlotte C. Talbot.



Will "Jim Jones" be promoted with the rest of Latin IV this year?

Miss S., '08 (translating Latin): The sky is burning.

Mr. L.: Poor sky!

Miss S.: Who were Ansonius and Manilius?

B. C. W., '07: Stump speakers.

Miss G.: Why are these germs called microbes?

W., '08: They were discovered by a fellow called Mike.

Miss R., '10, is an expert in comparing adjectives, for example,—

Good — gooder — goodest!

Miss E., '10 (translating: Omnes homines divites esse cupiunt):

All rich men are to be desired.

De L., '10: Fronds are things that grow on ferns.

Mr. L.: What, bugs?

B. C. W., '07: Shouldn't these words be side by each?

Mr. L.: What other banks are there besides the national and savings banks?

Voice from rear of room: Burbanks.

E. H. S., '07: Murder in the first degree is premeditated and in the second degree is — er — spontaneous.

As an illustration of the word "instill,"
The water is flowin' still.

O. B., '07: What was that about the hopperpotomust?

Miss S. (Eng. I): What preposition should be used with accord?

B. C. W., '07: Of.

Miss S.: No.

B. C. W., '07: Can't you say a cord of wood?

Mr. L.: What is the gender of "virtute"?
Silence throughout the class.

Mr. L.: Yes, I guess it must be.

Miss S., '08 (translating): Aber meine Ohren werden desto mehr auf ihrer Hut gegen Ihn sein müssen:

But my ears must so much farther go towards your hat.

C., '08, translates: Der blühende Mann,
The blooming man.

O. Why is Houston like a whale?

A. Because he's always rising to spout.

The German class are original in English spelling, at least. The following examples were Miss T.'s despair.

beleiving (believing).

trixs (tricks).

poodel, pudel, puddel (poodle).

threshhold (threshold).

ruff (rough).

Miss G.: What produces the heat of the body?

Miss F., '09: Oxidation of sugar, fat, and clothing.

Mr. L.: What English word is derived from "vita," life?

De L., '10: Victuals.

C., '09 (translating from board): My sisters are fresher than yours.

Miss G.: What is the esophagus?

C., '09: A trap door in the mouth.

Miss T.: Well, H., what are you doing in here this period? Don't you have Latin?

H.: No, I've dropped Cæsar.

Miss T.: Poor man! Did it hurt him?

S., '07: I don't see that!

Mr. L.: What is a savings bank for?

Miss F., '08: It's a place to keep money.

Mr. L.: If you gave your money to me, and I kept it for you, wouldn't I be just as good as a savings bank?

Miss F., '08: Oh, but in a bank your money's safe!

Miss G.: Why does absence of air make the water rise in the tube?

M., '07: Because absence makes the water grow fonder.

A. W., '07 (translating): Et ad flammas anima producit anili:

And she brought it to a blaze, with the spirit of an old woman.

Senior Physics: Sawyer wants to know "Gerty Percha."

Miss C., '08 (translating) — Ich habe hier gestanden wie auf Kohlen:

I have been standing here like charcoal.

Miss T., '07: Where do you get that?

Mr. L.: What is the meaning of "Hesperides?"

Miss C.: She is a goddess.

Miss T., '07 (translating): Il manque un lièvre à vingt pas. He misses a hare at twenty feet:

He lacks a moustache at twenty years.

Miss S. (to American history class): Bring John Quincy Adams to class with you.

W., '08: How do you say, "I love you," in German?

Miss T.: I'll tell you when you need to know.

Miss G. (to Algebra, '07): P., what would you get if you divided one fourth of a pie into fourths?

P.: The crust.

Heard in Physics: Last year we had six weeks of sleighing in March.

Miss B., '08: Well! That's just what I said!

Who is it that winks at each cute little lass? Why, surely, 'tis "Grim," the "treas" of the class.

B., '09 (giving parts of "timeo"): timeo-timere-timui-timetoos.

Original Ode Delivered to the Freshmen, January 23, 1907, by the Sophomore Poet.

Oh, it's nice to be a Freshman and soar to heights unknown,

Like a feather, light and gentle, on the fierce north winds is blown.

Oh, they are like the pretty flowers, lying all 'round about.

Then with joy and gladness rising,

I would ever, ever shout:—

O Freshmen! you are jolly kids,

Jolly kids, jolly kids,

You do just what mama bids,

Mama bids, mama bids.



THE TUDOR PRESS ...PRINTERS...

*Vermont Building, 10 Thacher Street
Off 91 North Washington Street*

Telephone, Richmond 1563



FOOT BALL

THIS year, owing to the efforts of Captain A. T. Wheeler and the coach, Mr. Leo Hafford, the most successful team in the history of the school was developed. The first few days of practice did not seem very promising; but after Mr. Hafford had taken the team well in hand, its all-around team work improved wonderfully, and everybody was very well pleased with its showing in the first game. Everything ran smoothly, with all the boys satisfied with their positions, which was partly the reason of their success. The snappy, positive plays showed the excellent control which Webb and Priestley in quarterbacks' position held over the team. The only thing which is to be regretted is that they were not matched against heavier teams and larger schools. Had we known that the team would be so strong, Mr. Franklin, the manager, would have secured harder games. The positions on the team were filled as follows:

A. T. Wheeler, right end; C. Heath, left tackle; M. Blackman, right guard;

L. Catheron and G. Hamilton, centre; F. Buckley, left guard; F. Gaughan, left tackle; J. Maloney, left end; R. Adams, right halfback; E. Sawyer and A. Littlehale, fullback; O. Webb and A. Priestley, quarterback; R. Carroll, left halfback.

September 29th Needham opened the most brilliant football season in its history, when Belmont was defeated by the heavy score 32-0. Needham excelled in team play and was much quicker to get the ball in motion. The line bucking of Sawyer in fullback's position and a forty-yard run by Adams, who showed up in his usual excellent form, were the interesting features of the game.

October 6th the team visited West Newton and defeated Allen School 27-0. Allen School was rescued from a much worse beating by the rain, which began to fall nearly every time Needham got the ball. Some one there must be influential in the weather bureau. Several substitutes were given a try in this game and did good work.



Ralph G. Adams.	Wesley I. Brown.	Arthur W. Littlehale.	James I. Maloney.	Chester B. Heath.	Francis J. Buckley.
John F. Gaughan.	Edward H. Sawyer.	Paul J. Franklin (Manager).	Allan T. Wheeler (Captain).	Marshall Blackman.	Lewis J. Catheron.
Raymond P. Carroll.		Alfred Priestley	George A. Hamilton.		Vincent O. Webb.

October 9th came the first hard game, but by steady, consistent playing Dedham was defeated 10-8. It was afterwards found out that six of their points were illegal, having been made on a play contrary to the rules. Webb, who made a sixty-yard run from Dedham's kick-off to our twenty-yard line, and Gaughan, who turned a seeming goal for Dedham into a safety, were the individual stars; but all the team deserved praise for the work of this game.

October 27th our old-time rivals for football honors came merrily down from Natick, bringing a large crowd of rooters with them. They didn't root much, however, but took the homeward-bound car, leaving the Needham team a winner 15-0. Burns and Felch played a good game for the losers; but our goal line was never in danger. Maloney, Webb, and Carroll were prominent throughout the game.

October 30th another good team went to pieces before Needham's assaults. Winthrop was defeated 6-0. This was their first defeat, and they took it very much to heart, as they had been playing strong teams. Sawyer's arm, which had been injured in the Natick game, went back on him, and he was forced to retire, being replaced by Littlehale. Adams made a seventy-yard run, and did some fine work. He seemed to be an object of great curiosity to the Winthropites.

November 3d Allen School was again defeated, this time 42-0. Needham excelled at every point, although playing three substitutes throughout the game. The playing was too one-sided to be interesting. Wellesley had defeated the same team 52-0 the preceding Saturday, in twenty-minute halves, whereas we played fifteen-minute halves. This gave some people a

chance to estimate the relative strength of Needham and Wellesley.

November 10th Needham defeated Auburndale 6-0 in a very hard game. The visitors outweighed our boys nine or ten pounds to the man. This advantage was, however, balanced by the swiftness of the home team. Several times they advanced the ball to Needham's fifteen-yard line, but were unable either to rush the ball farther or drop-kick a goal. The game was yet unfinished, when darkness came on, so the game was called. Every substitute was given a chance this time.

November 14th Needham again defeated Natick at Natick in a rough game. The fellows seemed to have lost all their form and spirit, and were scored on in the first half. This surprise brought the sleepy ones back onto earth, and early in the first half they got Natick on the run and chased them back and forth over the field with their old-time vigor. They made the score as high as possible with the limited time. Both sides were heavily penalized. The Natick enthusiasts were strenuous, to say the least. The score was 12-5. Adams kicked a goal from a very difficult angle and was even applauded by Natick.

November 25th was the day which the team had been looking forward to all the season. The boys came forth in fine form and spirit. After a few minutes' signal practice the whistle was blown and the game began. Wellesley made a good kick-off and sent the ball well into Needham's territory. Maloney secured the ball and made about thirty-five yards before stopped. Needham rushed the ball straight down the field without any difficulty to Wellesley's thirty-yard line, and a groan arose from the Wellesley side; while the Needham rooters went nearly

wild with delight. But there Needham was stopped. Wellesley by a brilliant series of forward passes advanced the ball almost within our danger line, and lost the ball on downs. It was a hard struggle for both sides. First Needham, then Wellesley seemed to hold the supremacy. It was evident, however, that Needham was playing the more steady game and that Wellesley was unable to make any ground, except by forward passes or buck plays. Our line was altogether too much for Wellesley's backfield. Heath and Gaughan deserve especial mention for their splendid work. The half ended with Needham in possession of the ball on Wellesley's thirty-yard line. Twice during this time Needham was within striking distance of Wellesley's goal.

Buckley made a record kick-off for the second half. It looked like a 0-0 game until only five minutes were left. Needham

kept the ball well within Wellesley's territory, but seemed to lack the power or skill to get it over the line. Once, within easy reaching distance of the desired goal, they lost the ball on a split play, but again secured it on downs, and slowly but surely with straight line plunges they pushed the ball down the field and amid the deafening cries and cheers of the excited crowd, seemingly forming one solid mass of brawn and might, they pushed Sawyer over for a touchdown. The crowd of over two thousand people madly cheered the winners, and the noise was so great that one could not hear one's own voice. The game was practically over. The decisions of Keady, a former Dartmouth player, were received with satisfaction by both teams and by the public. Thus ended the football season of 1906 for Needham High; a straight series of victories and only scored on twice.

BASE BALL

EVEN before the Athletic Field was in condition the candidates for the team of 1907 got out to practice on a field near by. Sawyer had been chosen captain for the coming season, and soon had his men at hard practice. After a few days the following were elected: Devine, catcher; Collins, pitcher; Sawyer, first base; A. T. Wheeler, second base; Webb, third base; Maloney, short-stop; Brownville, left field; Heath, center field; Blackman and Ferris, right field and subpitcher.

The first game was played on April 18th, on Greene's field, with Wayland. It was

a very easy game for Needham, owing to the splendid work of Maloney and Brownville in the field. The excellent batting of Wheeler was also a feature of the game.

SCORE BY INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NEEDHAM.....	1	0	2	5	0	0	2	0	- 10
WAYLAND	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	- 3

On April 20th Needham met its first defeat at the hands of Hyde Park. Although Needham played well in the field, the pitching of Hillier, of Hyde Park, was too much for them. If Needham had played

all through the game the way they did in the ninth inning, it would have been a different story.

SCORE BY INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NEEDHAM.....	1	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	4-8
HYDE PARK ...	0	0	4	0	4	0	0	0	1-9

April 29th "Our Boys" played their first out of town game, which was the return game with Hyde Park. Maloney and Collins hit freely, but both teams made frequent errors on account of the high gale blowing at the time.

SCORE BY INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NEEDHAM.....	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	1-5
HYDE PARK ...	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1-3

Needham won its third game in Needham, on May 1st, defeating Milton by a score of 25 to 7. Needham was able to hit Milton's pitcher very easily. Maloney, Collins, and Wheeler each received a two-base hit in succession. Ferris was pitching, and did well, considering it was the first game he had ever pitched.

SCORE BY INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NEEDHAM.....	3	6	2	1	3	4	6	0	-25
MILTON	2	0	0	0	4	0	0	1	-7

On May 3d, Needham added another victory to its list by defeating DeMeritte School, of Brookline, by a score of 19 to 2. Many errors were made by both sides on account of the cold weather. The pitching of Collins was superb, striking out nine men, and no passes, while the DeMeritte pitchers were easily hit.

SCORE BY INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NEEDHAM.....	8	0	3	2	3	0	0	2	1-19
DEMERITTE.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0-2

On May 14th Needham went to Milford and met their second defeat by the score of 7 to 6. Needham had the game well in hand up to the sixth inning when an error cost them four runs, and this put the score a tie. Ten innings were required to decide the game. With three men on bases and two out, Vitalini made a long fly over Heath's head and the game went to Milford. M. Maloney was tried in this game and showed up well.

SCORE BY INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
MILFORD	1	1	0	0	4	0	0	0	1	-7
NEEDHAM.....	2	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	-6

Wellesley came to Needham on Saturday, May 18th, bound to win their first game with Needham. This was the first game played between Wellesley and Needham in the Norfolk Triangular League. Needham won by the score of 7 to 2. The pitching of Collins and the fielding of M. Maloney were the features of the game. Needham made several errors by players running into each other when after a fly ball.

SCORE BY INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NEEDHAM.....	6	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	-7
WELLESLEY ...	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2

On May 22d Needham went to Dedham and received their third defeat this year by the score of 7-5. Needham made costly errors in the sixth inning, allowing Dedham to get three runs. Webb played a splendid game, getting three hits and three runs.

SCORE BY INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NEEDHAM.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0-5
DEDHAM	2	0	1	0	1	3	0	0	--7

May 25th Needham easily defeated Watertown on Greene's Field by the score 14-7. The batting of J. Maloney and Collins and the catching of Devine were the features of the game.

SCORE BY INNINGS: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

NEEDHAM.....	1	0	4	6	1	0	1	1	-	14
WATERTOWN ...	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	2	1	7

TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS

On June 1st the annual Midland A. A. meet was held in Woonsocket. Woonsocket, Framingham, and Natick High School teams were the other contestants. The records of other years were broken, new marks being established in the 100 yard, 220 yard dash, 440 yard run, 220 hurdles, mile run, broad jumps, shot put, and hammer throw. Maloney and O. Webb in one of the trial heats for the 100 yard made a record by doing it in 10 4-5 seconds. M. Webb also broke the records

in the broad jump and 440 yard run. Stackweather showed up well in the mile and will be a good one for years to follow.

Needham High won the following:

100 yard dash: Maloney, 1st; O. Webb, 2d; R. Carroll, 3d. 220 yard dash: O. Webb, 1st; Maloney, 2d; R. Carroll, 3d. 220 yard hurdles: R. Adams, 1st. Half mile run: K. Webb, 1st. Mile run: Ferris, 3d. Broad jump: K. Webb, 1st; R. Adams, 3d. Hammer throw: R. Adams, 2d.

Relay race won by Needham team, R. Carroll, C. Heath, W. Gaughan, and K. Webb.





WE are glad to see our old friends appear again in our exchanges, and hope that our newcomers will continue to remember us. We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges:—

“College Signal,” Amherst, Mass.

“Penn Charter Magazine,” Philadelphia, Pa.

“Tripod,” Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.

“Red and Blue,” Sachs Institute, New York City.

“Aegis,” Bloomington, Ill.

“Bulletin,” Dedham, Mass.

“Quiver,” Woonsocket, R. I.

“Nautilus,” Jacksonville, Ill.

“Bostonia,” Boston University, Boston, Mass.

“High School Beacon,” Chelsea, Mass.

“Red and Blue”—Your exchange column is always very interesting, and that of the February number was especially good.

“Latin School Register”—We have missed you this year, and beg that you continue to exchange with us.

We are glad to have received so many copies of the “College Signal,” a paper which is always interesting.

“High School Bulletin”—Have you no

artists? A few cuts would improve the appearance of your paper very much. We cannot agree with the “Senior,” that your paper “brims with stories”; in the March number there was but one, in the November again but one.

“Penn Charter Magazine”—One of our best exchanges! It contains good stories, its athletic news is well arranged, and its exchange column is worthy of great praise.

—The “Ad Column” in the December number of the “Tripod” is very original and witty.

The “Nautilus” would be more interesting if it would add an exchange column.

The “Quiver”—Your exchange column is interesting and well managed, but your whole paper needs a few good cuts.

“Aegis”—So many jokes weaken your exchange column. The “Devouring Valentine,” in your February number, is very amusing.

“Bostonia”—The article on “The Educational System of Porto Rico” interested us very much.

Next year we would like to see back in our exchange column all our friends who have forgotten us this year, and we will gladly welcome any exchanges who may wish to favor us.

... I. A. GRANT ...

Contractor and Builder

House and Lot on Webster St. For Sale

13 Webster Street

Highlandville - - - Mass.

BEST CHICK FEED
ON THE MARKET

HUSTED AT NEEDHAM
Grain Elevator

H. A. CROSSMAN

Waltham Laundry

GEORGE TWIGG, Agent

F. Martcher

FINE LAUNDRY WORK

Ladies' and Gents' Suits Cleaned and Pressed

Jones Block, Highland Avenue

HIGHLANDVILLE - - - MASS.

LYNAS

HAIRDRESSER

Great Plain Avenue - Needham

Shoes and Gents' Furnishings

Up to date Goods at Lowest Prices

C. E. CUSHING

Bourne Block - - Needham

NEEDHAM MARKET
Choice Market Supplies

Choice Butter, fresh every Tuesday, from
The Capitol Creamery, Montpelier, Vt.

Thomas Sutton

Telephone 53 5

NEEDHAM

Compliments of

T. J. Crossman

Donated by

William Roper

Donated by

P. E. Riley

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

✿ FOR BICYCLES, TIRES, COASTER BRAKES ✿
OR ANY BICYCLE SUPPLIES

THERE IS NO PLACE SO GOOD AS

WOODWORTH BROTHERS

NEWTON HIGHLANDS

LAWN MOWERS SHARPENED BY SPECIAL MACHINERY

Compliments of

Fred E. Webb

Jeweler and Watchmaker

9 TEMPLE PLACE - - - - - BOSTON

Compliments of

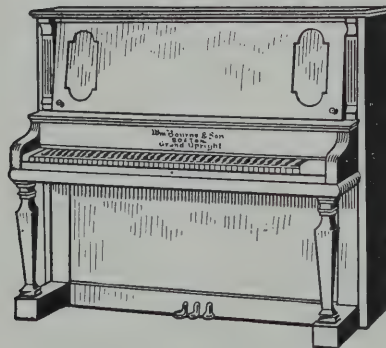
Needham Cash Market

Compliments of

Dr. Vesta D. Miller

B O U R N E P I A N O S

Established
1837



Nearly
70 years

William Bourne and Son Piano Co.

Factory and Principal Office, LAMARTINE and WYMAN STREETS
BOSTON

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

⇒ G · I · R · L · S ⇐

Who desire clean, steady work can obtain the same by applying to

WILLIAM CARTER CO., Underwear Manufacturers
HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.

ESTABLISHED 1834

E. & F. King & Co.

Incorporated

PAINTS, OILS, AND VARNISHES
CHEMICALS

26 India St. 171 Milk St.
BOSTON

Telephone Connection

J. D. Thompson

Dentist

287 Elliot St., Newton Upper Falls

OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 5 daily

Open Monday, Wednesday and Friday Evenings,
7.15 to 8.15

Needham Real Estate

My Specialty

F. E. THORPE - 4 Grant Street

164 Federal Street - Boston

Mrs. C. M. Holmes

MILLINERY

Chapel Street - - Needham

Compliments of

Dr. Kingsbury

OFFICE HOURS

Before 9 a. m.
1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Telephone 41-3
Needham

J. Foster Holmes

PAINTING and DECORATING

Furniture Repairing and
Upholstering

Papering and Shade Work

Chapel Street - - Needham

J. L. DAVIS

CHOICE CONFECTIONS.

Try Our Soda and Ice Cream

They are delicious.

A Full Line of Phonographs and Records. Stationery and School Supplies

CHESTNUT STREET, NEEDHAM

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

LESLIE W. HARRIS, D.M.D.

10 Clark's Block

NATICK, MASSACHUSETTS.

Telephone Connection

Compliments of

J. B. Thorpe

KNIT GOODS

CHAS. W. PEASE, M. D.

20 Dedham Avenue

NEEDHAM, MASS.

Telephone 44-6

NEEDHAM NURSERY

W. A. GATES, Manager

TREES, VINES, SHRUBS, ROSES
OF ALL KINDS

Large Trees a Specialty

Cor. Dedham Avenue and Webster Street
NEEDHAM, MASS.

Telephone 24-2 Electric Cars pass Nursery

CHOICE PRODUCTIONS
IN

CLOTHES TOGGERY

Beal and Healey

Masonic Block - - Natick

Compliments of

Alger E. Eaton

Compliments of

Judge Grover

To bed, to bed, said Sleepy Head

Tarry awhile, said Slow;

Put on a little of Walkup's Coal

We'll get warm before we go.

Compliments of

THOMAS KILMAIN

THE ICE MAN

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Edgar H. Bowers

JUSTICE OF PEACE AND CONVEYANCER

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance

282 Great Plain Ave., Needham

Compliments of

Dr. Mitchell

HIGHLANDVILLE - - MASS.

RUDOLPH WEBER

DEALER IN

Choice Family Groceries

AGENT FOR THE

Germania Fire Insurance Company

Cor. Hunnewell and Hillside Avenues

J. H. FITZGERALD

Blacksmith and Wheelwright

Cor. Chapel Street and Highland Avenue

WM. GORSE & CO.

Patentees and Manufacturers of

SEAMLESS HEEL . . .

ELASTIC STOCKINGS

HIGHLANDVILLE - - MASS.

JARVIS CARTWRIGHT

..Florist..

Chestnut Street - - Needham

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs

VIRGIL A. ROWE

Druggist

HIGHLANDVILLE

Oliver Crisp

Choice Provisions

Low's Block - - Highlandville

H. A. FLEWELLING

Carpenter and Builder

Estimates Furnished

GRANT STREET - - - - NEEDHAM

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Compliments of

Adams Brothers

Needham

John Gegenheimer

PLUMBING

HEATING

VENTILATING

Needham - - Mass.

LUMBER

H. S. Locke & Son

Needham, Mass.

Robert S. Catheron, D.M.D.

KINGSBURY'S BLOCK
NEEDHAM

OFFICE HOURS { 9 to 12 a. m.
 { 1 to 5 p. m.
Evenings by appointment

PASQUALE MIELE

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
Pure Olive Oil a Specialty

POPE BLOCK - - NEEDHAM



P. O. Box 434

Telephone, Needham 32-7

F. W. MORTON

Painter and Paper Hanger

Store, Jones's Block, Post Office Square
House, Webster Street, cor. Central Avenue

HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.

Henry Thomas

PLUMBING and HEATING

Telephone Connection

Highlandville, Mass.

Pure Ice

SUPPLIED YOU BY
NEEDHAM ICE CO.
NEEDHAM, MASS.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

John F. Brooks Company

Manufacturers of

Children's and Infants' Knit Goods

SAXONY BRANDSALESROOM
580 Broadway
New York CityFACTORY
Highlandville
Mass.

Telephone, Needham, Mass.

*Compliments of***Dr. Mansfield***Compliments of****Hopewell Supply Company*****HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.**

Telephones, 4117-3 Main

158-5 Needham

G. W. TISDALE & SON

Auctioneers, Real Estate and Insurance Brokers

ROOM 524, OLD SOUTH BUILDING
BOSTON, MASS.

G. W. TISDALE, May Street, Needham

F. C. TISDALE, 44 Templeton, Dorchester

The Highland Mill

ESTABLISHED 1880

MOSELEY & COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE RIBBED UNDERWEAR and KNIT GOODS

HIGHLANDVILLE - - - MASS.

*Compliments of***William G. Moseley****J. J. WHETTON STEAMSHIP AGENCY**

CUNARD LINE

WHITE STAR LINE

HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

ADVERTISEMENTS

J. A. SULLIVAN

Pharmacist

PUBLIC TELEPHONE STATION

KINGSBURY BLOCK

NEEDHAM, MASS.

WILLIAM H. WYE

MANUFACTURER OF

ATHLETIC KNIT GOODS

Needham, Mass.

J. E. PURDY & CO.

High Grade **Photographs** and Portraits

...Telephone...

146 Tremont Street, Boston.

COMPLIMENTS OF

EDWARD E. BABB & COMPANY

93 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON

ESTABLISHED 1840

IVER JOHNSON SPORTING GOODS CO.

SUCCESSORS TO

John P. Lovell Arms Co.

Manufacturers, Importers, Wholesalers, Retailers

SPORTING GOODS

163-165 Washington St., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

CARTER, CARTER & MEIGS CO.

Importers and Wholesale Druggists and Dealers in

Chemicals, Druggists' Sundries, etc. Special attention paid to furnishing
Chemicals for High School and College Laboratories.

20-38 Merrimac Street

- - -

BOSTON, MASS.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

ADVERTISEMENTS

WM. P. BEMIS

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

ASA C. JEWETT

...BEMIS & JEWETT...

Painting and Decorating

Foreign and Domestic Wall Papers

Upholstering in all its Branches

Upholstery Goods, Window Shades, Muslin and Lace Curtains, Rods, Fixtures, etc. Hammocks, Piazza Furniture

OFFICES AND SALESROOMS

Bray Building, Newton Centre, Mass.

Chapel Street, Needham, Mass.

M. G. WIECZOREK

Boats and Canoes to Let

ON THE CHARLES RIVER FOR THE USE OF PICNICS OR
PRIVATE PARTIES

Berths to Rent by the Year or Season. Moderate Charges

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

HIGHLAND AVENUE BRIDGE - NEEDHAM

P. O. ADDRESS, NEWTON UPPER FALLS

TELEPHONE 398-2 NEWTON SOUTH

On this part of the Charles a journey of 20 miles is afforded without a carry.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

NEEDHAM FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 3017 00149 4447

80

82

